



footsteps in the arctic!



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Chapter 1 by ecologist animal

Once, there was a penguin called Buntu. He lived with his brother, sister and his mother. His father had gone on an arctic walk with all the wise penguins.

He had a strict timetable but he loved it when he was on his own. He could let out his thoughts and enjoy the shining stars. That starry night, he sat there thinking what he was going to do...

Whenever, he had been outside by himself, he had made amazing discoveries. As he walked down the ice plain, he looked up, he knew the stars were watching him the whole time.

The icy breeze and the chilling snow was caressing his feathery back- it was at that moment when the northern light appeared... The enchanting mix of colours astounded him: it was as if he was in a trance...

The night slipped away when, he realised how hungry he was. He waddled over to the lake- it was completely frozen. He did a peculiar tap on the ice and it cracked. He put his beak in the ice cold water and pulled out a side of brown trout. It quenched his thirst and his heart too.

He walked back to the igloo, feeling completely a free soul within himself.

The next morning, there was complete silence. The sky was smoke blue and a glaze of yellow was shining over everything. Dappled light perfecting every tiny detail in the snow. He called for his mother and his brother, but he was greeted by silence. He waddled outside, the whole rookery were kneeling down. He stepped back and looked again...

All he remembered from it was that there was a very unfortunate and a chilling decision made... In Buntu's own words:

We were told – we all would have to move further north as the food was becoming incredibly scarce, if we were to stay there, it would be extremely unsafe which meant danger!

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I asked my mum: "Where are we going?"

"We are only going somewhere safe!" she mumbled. There was very little said from her then. Suddenly, a blistering wind came- we shut our eyes. I heard Mr Field (the journey leader) said, "We would leave tomorrow!"

It was the best thing I had heard in ages. There was a kindle of hope. I knew it then: 'Every cloud has a silver lining.'

I watched my backtrack footsteps in the snow and smiled...

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